

...THE...
CONVERTED CATHOLIC

EDITED BY REV. JAMES A. O'CONNOR.

"When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."—Luke xxii: 32.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

Many Christians are deterred by the spirit of the world from bearing testimony for the Saviour. They go to church and help in the material work of the church, but they shrink from telling those who are outside that it is good and sweet and acceptable to God to serve the Lord. They think they would be accounted peculiar, that there was something queer about them, and the reproach of the world is distasteful to them. No so did the followers of Christ think in the days of old. Said Paul in 2 Cor. 2:12, "I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake; for when I am weak, then am I strong." And Peter says (1.4:14): "If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye; for the spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you; on their part He is evil spoken of, but on your part He is glorified."

All Christians expect to meet Paul and Peter in the Father's house in the life to come, and we shall know each other there. What shall be the manner of greeting in the presence of the Lord? The flavor of the world that hangs around so many Christians must be shaken off. It can be done by prayer in the power of the Holy Spirit.

Ye are my witnesses, said the Lord to His disciples, when he was taken up. He has not appeared on earth since, but He has promised to come and take us with Him—we know not the day, nor the hour. Meantime we must witness for Him, and should reproach come upon us for such testimony, "happy are ye."

When Newman Hall, who died in England last month, wrote the tract, "Come to Jesus," that is as simple in language as a child's primer, the literary and philosophic world ridiculed it. But that little book will live and be a blessing to mankind when the works of learned men are forgotten. The word of the Lord endureth forever, and the testimony of His people, when each one is a witness for Christ, will extend His kingdom to the ends of the earth.

Christian Life in Ireland.

To a majority of Americans the words Ireland and Irish are associated with the Roman Catholic Church. But there is another Ireland and there are other Irish that the Church of Rome has not touched and spoiled. Dr. Sanderson in his review of Dr. Hall's "Life," gives us a sketch of some Christian Irish that will be ac-

ceptable to our readers. It was such Irish that we had the pleasure of meeting in our brief visit to that country last summer. There are tens of thousands of such Irish in this country, but they become Americanized so quickly that they are known as Americans. President McKinley came from the same stock as Dr. Hall, and so did the great dry goods merchants, Hugh O'Neill, A. T. Stewart and hundreds of men who have been and are prominent in every walk of life in the United States. The term "Scotch-Irish" applies to them, though it is not used by the Irish Protestants in their own country. But there is great similarity between these Irish and the Scotch. In the old land the Protestants are proud to be known as Irishmen. They are, of course, quite different from the Catholic Irish, whom we have always with us, conspicuously not in the higher walks of life. The Roman Catholic Church has been the curse of Ireland, and the prayer of every Christian is that God might deliver the people from it.

The Pope a "Dago"

Bishop Potter, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, is the most popular man in this city. He is wholly wrong on the temperance question and the observance of the Sabbath in connection with the saloons. But he is respected for his fine character and all the people like him. Hence he is invited to every public assembly. Sometimes, though not often, he meets Archbishop Corrigan or some of the Roman priests at such gatherings, and he invariably pokes fun at them. As related in this Magazine some time ago, he referred to Archbishop Corrigan, who was present, as a representa-

tive of the Irish race, and told the story of the Catholic cook in the family of one of his rectors who had called an Italian peddler a "dago."

"Why, Bridget," said the rector, "I am surprised that you should abuse one of your own religion and the Pope's countryman like that. If he is a 'dago' so is your Pope, who is also an Italian."

"I declare to goodness I did not know that," replied Bridget. "I thought he was an Irishman."

"Our Latin Brother."

Last month Bishop Potter met Father Doyle of the Paulists, at a public dinner, and referred to him as "our Latin brother." This made Doyle very angry, and when he got an opportunity to speak, he resented the snub by saying he was as good an American as Dr. Potter. But the latter had left the room, and the company laughed at Doyle's discomfiture. A priest of Rome, a "Latin brother," can never be a real American.

Who Gives Quickly Gives Double.

Many circumstances have contributed to make this a dull year in religious and missionary work in New York city. We need not specify them. All feel the strain. We hope, therefore, that the friends who are interested in the work we are doing, will not forget it. We do not know what to do in regard to the large number who have not renewed their subscriptions for this year. Without their coöperation the Magazine could not be published, and the work could not go on. We mention this as delicately as possible, leaving the matter to the good will and pleasure of the friends who have enabled us to carry on this work for so many years.

A Christian Soldier's Experiences.

BY GENERAL T. M. HARRIS.

IX.

The assassination of the executive head of a nation is always a crime of the highest order as it is a blow at the life of the nation. The assassination of President Lincoln was a crime, the nature of which was greatly enhanced by the circumstances under which it was committed and the purpose that inspired it. Although committed by a civilian, it was distinctly an act of war. Its purpose was to give aid to the existing rebellion and to aid in establishing the confederate government by the overthrow of our own. It was the work of a conspiracy to aid the rebel cause. Although Gen. Lee had surrendered, war still existed, and there was still a large number of rebel forces in the field under able and experienced commanders, and although the cause of the rebellion was manifestly lost, peace had not yet come. The assassination of President Lincoln and the attempted assassination of Secretary Seward was only the partial accomplishment of the purpose of the conspirators. The vice-president, Andrew Johnson, Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton, and Gen. Grant, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, were all to have been put out of the way. This would have left the government in a state of disorganization and the army without a commander. The theory of the purpose and scope of the conspiracy formed by those possessed of all the facts that had become known through the Secret Service Department, was as follows: Vallandigham, with his disloyal adherents, was to have sprung to arms,

liberated the 80,000 rebel prisoners held in northern prisons, and furnishing them with arms to have organized an insurrection in the North and thus to make the confederate government a success. The conspirators to the assassination of President Lincoln, although civilians, were engaged in an act of war, and so subject to the laws of war. Accordingly they were sent before a military commission for trial. The commission consisted of nine officers, as follows: Maj.-Gen. Hunter, Maj.-Gen. Wallace Brent, Maj.-Gen. Kantz, Brig.-Gen. Howe, Brig.-Gen. Foster, Brevet Brig.-Gen. Ekin, Brig.-Gen. Harris, Col. Clendennin, and Brevet Col. Thompkins. Gen. Hunter was the president of the commission. Brig.-Gen. Holt, the Judge Advocate of the Army, assisted by Hon. John A. Brigham and Col. Burnett, conducted the trial. The prisoners arraigned before the court were Dr. Samuel Mudd, Lewis Paine, Samuel Arnold, Edward Spangler, Michael O'Laughlin, Geo. Atzeradt, and David E. Heald, and Mary E. Surratt. Never was a judicial tribunal, civil or military, charged with a graver duty or greater responsibility than was this commission, and each of its members realized the weight of the responsibility under which he acted, and they were each and all actuated only by a desire to do justice and give a fair trial to the accused. All of the accused were found guilty to the charge of being parties to the conspiracy. Lewis Paine, David Herald, George Atzeradt and Mary E. Surratt were sentenced to capital punishment, and accordingly executed. The others, Arnold, O'Laughlin, Spangler, and Mudd, were sentenced to imprisonment for life and were sent to the Dry Tortugas.

CHRIST'S MISSION WORK.

AT the services in Christ's Mission which are held regularly every Sunday evening, there are always some Catholics present. One Sunday evening last month two Catholic young men said they had been attracted to the meeting by seeing in the papers the announcement of the service, with the words, "Catholics specially invited." They were surprised that Catholics should be invited to Protestant services, and so curiosity led them to attend that evening. As the Gospel is always preached plainly, directly and simply at the services in the Mission they said they understood it far better than what they had been accustomed to hear in the Jesuit Church on Sixteenth street, which they attended. There they heard only about "The Church" and the sacraments and the power of the priests, the Virgin Mary, St. Joseph, and so on. The Saviour was not lifted up as in Christ's Mission. They never had a Bible and had not read a word of it. Hence, the religion of the Bible was something new to them.

Speaking of these young men the next Sunday, Pastor O'Connor said the great mass of the Roman Catholics were as ignorant of the Christianity of the Bible as the people of heathen lands. That is the experience of missionaries in Catholic countries as well as in all our large cities.

Besides the evangelistic services, conferences are held in the Mission with all who are interested in the work it is doing. The pastor of one of our large city churches recently sent a young man to Mr. O'Connor who had a remarkable experience. He

was a Protestant of good family, whose home was in the West, and his mother, a member of the Presbyterian Church, had brought him up in strict religious principles. But when he came to New York and entered into business he became careless and did not attend church or read the Bible, as he had been taught. In business he met many Catholics, and in due course was introduced to a bright Catholic girl who made herself very attractive.

FATHER VAN RENSSELAER'S CLASS.

"She was a very nice girl," said this young man to Mr. O'Connor as they sat together for nearly two hours one evening. "She attended church regularly, the Jesuit Church, and when she learned that I did not go anywhere she invited me to accompany her. I went there several times, but did not take special interest in anything that I saw or heard. The music was not as good as I could hear at a concert, and I did not quite understand the preaching. The young lady said that was because I was not a Catholic. If I would have a talk with Father Van Rensselaer, who had been a Protestant in his youth, he would explain everything.

"She introduced me to Father Van Rensselaer, and he invited me to join a class of Protestant young men which he was instructing. I joined the class, to the great delight of the young lady, and have been going there now several weeks, but I am no nearer becoming a Roman Catholic. Father Van Rensselaer does not tell us much about the Catholic Church, such as I know it in history, and he does not adopt a high tone in discussing Protestantism. Three-

fourths of what he says is in ridicule of Protestantism. For instance, the other evening I asked him where was the necessity of confessing our sins to a priest when we could confess to God directly. 'I can best answer that,' said he, 'by telling a story. Two colored men, one a Protestant, the other a Catholic, agreed to steal chickens one night, and the result of their raid on their neighbor's hen-coop was a fat pullet for each. When they met again, the Protestant coon was in excellent humor, but the Catholic had a woe-begone look.

"What's the matter with you?" said the former. "Wasn't that chicken good? Mine was a bully one, and it made me fat all over."

"Oh, I didn't eat mine at all," said the other darkey. "When I went to confession to the priest, he said I had committed a sin and I must give the chicken back. So I threw it over the fence the next night."

"You're a fool," said the Protestant, "you shouldn't mind what that priest said. I confessed to God about the chicken, and he didn't say nothin', and so I cooked it and ate it."

"That illustrates the difference between Protestants and Catholics," said Father Van Rensselaer in the midst of the laughter that followed his story.

"Excuse me," said the young man to Van Rensselaer, "that is not the difference between Protestants and Catholics. Protestants do not steal chickens or commit other sins with the idea that they can be forgiven if they confess them to God in that off-hand way. No Protestant church teaches that. A Protestant who sins can be forgiven only when there is

repentance that makes him right with God. If he is sincere and honest in the matter he quits sinning. If he is not, I don't see how a priest could help him."

Father Van Rensselaer has lost one member of his class, and the Catholic young woman has lost a prospective husband.

Helping Priests.

When priests who come to Christ's Mission manifest a desire to preach the Gospel and give evidence of their fitness for the work of the ministry, the Lord opens the way for them in some field of labor. It takes time to prepare them for such work, but such time is well spent. As the truths of religion enter their minds and hearts they become new creatures and learn to wait upon the Lord. For those who do not wish to become ministers or missionaries the case is different. According to their qualifications positions as teachers and in business are sought for, but it is enjoined upon them to be reticent regarding their connection with the Roman Catholic Church. Business men do not care to employ these priests of Rome. As a matter of fact, the priests who come to Christ's Mission are most anxious to forget their Roman experience. One who came last month had been a professor in a Roman Catholic college for many years. He is a graduate of a famous university, and his degree will help him to obtain a position in some educational institution.

The Work in Porto Rico.

The twenty dollars sent to Rev. A. Lambert last month were much appreciated. We hope our friends will

remember the good work he is doing in Porto Rico. Their prayers, good wishes and gifts, will comfort him in a most difficult field and strengthen his hands. Almighty God has given those Spanish possessions to our country. God's people will be blessed in giving them the Gospel.

The Rev. Manuel Ferrando, who was at Christ's Mission in 1895, is also laboring successfully in Porto Rico. He is nobly sustained by the Bible classes, to which the Rev. D. M. Stearns of Germantown, Pa., ministers. Dr. Stearns' class in New York meets every Monday at 2 P. M. in Fifth Ave. Presbyterian Church.

Bound Volume for 1901.

THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC, Volume XVIII, 1901, bound in cloth. Price, \$1.25; paper covers, \$1.00. As only a limited number of the copies for last year have been bound, the friends who desire to possess this volume should make early application.

The Dublin *Christian Irishman* in a notice of this bound volume says: "The editor of this Magazine, the Rev. James A. O'Connor, was formerly a Roman Catholic priest, but for the past twenty-two years has labored perseveringly and successfully for the conversion of Roman Catholics. His experiences in assisting priests who have had intellectual and spiritual difficulties about the system in which they were brought up have been wide and varied. This department of his work has been greatly blessed. The Magazine all through is of an elevated tone, and its articles uniformly characterized by a Christian spirit."

Anglo-American Unity.

This poem, by Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate of England, which appeared in the *Independent* of January 2, is a significant contribution to the cementing influence between the two great English-speaking nations:

TOGETHER.

Who say we cherish far-off feud,
Still nurse the ancient grudges?
Show me the title of this brood
Of self-appointed judges;
Their name, their race, their nation, clan,
And we will teach them whether
We do not, as none others can,
Feel, think and work together!

Both speak the tongue that Milton spoke,
Shakespeare and Chatham wielded,
And Washington and all his folk
When their just claim was yielded.
In it both lisp, both learn, both pray,
Dirge death, and thus the tether
Grows tighter, tenderer, every day,
That binds the two together.

Our ways are one, and one our aim,
And one will be our story,
Who fight for Freedom, not for fame,
From Duty, not for glory;
Both stock of the old Home, where blow
Shamrock and rose and heather,
And every year link arms and go
Through its loved haunts together.

Should envious aliens plan and plot
'Gainst one, and now the other,
They swift would learn how strong the knot
Binds brother unto brother.
How quickly they could change their tack
And show the recreant feather,
Should Star and Stripe, and Union Jack
But float mast-high together.

Now let us give one hearty grip,
As by true men is given,
And vow fraternal fellowship
That never shall be riven;
And with our peaceful flags unfurled,
Be fair or foul the weather,
Should need arise, face all the world
And stand or fall together.

ROME'S LOSSES.

MANY articles have been published in this Magazine regarding the loss of millions of souls to the Roman Catholic Church in this country and the gain to the Protestant churches of vast numbers of these "lost." A year ago we printed an extract from the sermon of Bishop McFaul, of Trenton, N. J., at the funeral of Bishop Wigger, of Newark (January 10, 1901), in which he said:

"We are now about one to five of the entire population of the country. But it is sad to think that our losses have been very great. If we had been able to preserve the faith in all immigrants and their descendants, we would number close upon one-half of the population of the United States."

Miss M. T. Elder, of New Orleans, niece of Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati, has said that twenty millions have been lost to the Roman Church in this country.

And now comes an intelligent priest, Father Shinnors, who has written a paper for the *Ecclesiastical Record*, for February, which is reviewed by the leading Roman Catholic daily paper in Ireland, the *Dublin Freeman's Journal* of February 18, 1902, as follows:

"The estimated Catholic population of the United States, according to the best authorities, is now about ten millions. Four and a half millions of Irish Catholics have, Father Shinnors estimates, gone to the States. Had these and their children all remained loyal to the religion of their fathers, the ten million Catholics of America would merely represent Ireland's contribution to the American

nation. But besides these, as Father Shinnors points out, millions of Catholics have gone from Germany, Poland, Italy, France, Austria, and Canada. If all had remained faithful to the Church, the Catholic population of America would have numbered twenty million instead of ten; and it is Father Shinnors' conclusion that the leakage of the past sixty years must have amounted to more than half the Catholic population, when account is taken of the number of converts. Nor are the ten millions lost merely to Catholicity; they are lost wholly to Christianity and are immersed in the mass of American materialism. 'They become atheists and materialists pure and simple.' This is a saddening picture; but it is doubly so to Irishmen, for Father Shinnors declares that there 'are reasons to fear that the great majority of the apostates are of Irish extraction, and not a few of Irish birth.' The Irish immigrants are more easily Americanized than the immigrants of any other nationality. Other immigrants have a language of their own, and it preserves all their religious traditions. 'The Irish unfortunately have not a language of their own to preserve, and the consequence is that they plunge at once into the habits and manners and modes of speech of those around them; they become a few months after their arrival more American than the Americans themselves; they are caught many of them by the spirit of irreligion that breathes everywhere around them, and if they do not formally give up the faith they become careless and indifferent, and by and by they bring up their children without any knowledge of God or His Church.' This

Father Shinnors rightly describes as one of the most mournful facts in our mournful history."

Of course, it is not true that "lost to Catholicity" means lost to Christianity, for there is scarcely a Protestant church in the United States but has among its members either direct converts from the Roman Catholic Church, or those whose parents had been Roman Catholics. It is true, however, that Romanism breeds infidelity and anarchy. Voltaire was a pupil of the Jesuits, and the assassin of President McKinley had been baptized in the Roman Church and educated in the parochial schools.

LOSSES IN ENGLAND.

A former priest in England named McCabe, a competent witness, said in a recent publication:

"Those of the inner circle know that it is an open question whether the Church of Rome has made any progress during the last twenty years; her losses are enormous. Some two years ago a census was taken of the Catholic population of London; the result was whispered among the clergy—there were between 70,000 and 80,000 nominal Catholics in London alone who had practically abandoned the Church—but it was carefully added: 'The Cardinal (Vaughan) does not want this to get into print.' The papers only published the numbers of chapels erected and the multiplication of those fragrant centers of holiness—convents and monasteries. We find the same condition when we examine what are called triumphantly Roman Catholic countries, of some of which I have had intimate experience, and, of others, carefully acquired knowledge. The numbers given in statistical tables are mislead-

ing in the extreme; they include nominal Catholics, of whom millions in France and Belgium alone are, throughout life, outside the pale of the Church."

LOSSES IN AUSTRIA.

We could keep that head standing every month and fill this *Magazine* with accounts of the conversions from the Roman Catholic Church that come to us by letters and personal testimony and extracts from papers. The heading is "Away from Rome," or as the New York *Independent* expresses it, "Catholic Losses." Miss M. T. Elder's phrase is bluntly, "Twenty Millions Loss." This month we make room for an editorial article in the *Independent*, which is always o'er tender in its treatment of Roman Catholic subjects. It says:

Every three months official statistics of the gains are made by the Protestant Church of Austria as a result of the "Away from Rome" movement. The data for the third quarter of the current year have appeared, showing that the gains during these three months have been 857 in Bohemia alone. As the figures for the first quarter were 627, and for the second quarter 912, the total down to October 1 has been 2,396. In the German districts the accessions are in the same increasing proportions. In Vienna alone there were 260 in the third quarter, and the total for the nine months is 856. The ratio has steadily increased, and in Vienna alone has this year advanced from an average of 60 a month to about 90 a month. From a rather unexpected quarter comes the news of Roman Catholic losses, where in former years the energetic propaganda of the Church had made serious inroads on Protestant grounds. The recent statistics of the Netherlands show that the Catholic Church has decreased

numerically in that land during the past fifty years from 40 per cent. to 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. The leading Catholic journal, *De Tijd*, does not deny this decrease, but ascribes it to the following causes: 1. In the larger centers of population thousands became alienated from the Mother Church. 2. The poverty of the Catholic provinces of Brabant and Linburg. 3. The celibacy of the many secular and order-clergy, who constitute fully 2 per cent. of the Catholic population.

Ecclesiastical Titles.

Some years ago Rev. Thomas Ducey, of St. Leo's Roman Catholic Church in this city, who is known as a man about town from his association with men of that stamp in hotels and restaurants, received the title of "Monsignor" from Rome through the good offices of some clubmen who had "influence" with the Roman officials. Father Ducey received a cablegram that he had been elevated to the rank of "Domestic Prelate of the Pope's Household," and he gave orders immediately that the livery suitable for his new office should be prepared. Thanks to the industry of his tailor, the red cassock, biretta, rabbat, etc., were ready in a few days, and he gave a private exhibition of the fine livery to his admiring friends. But he did not wear the articles in public, as he received a hint that he should wait until the Papal brief conferring the title had reached New York.

In due time the letter, duly signed by the Pope, was received, but it was addressed to Archbishop Corrigan, and as he and Ducey were not on friendly terms, the archbishop did not

forward the letter to him, but returned it to Rome, saying a mistake had been made. The New York *Herald* had announced Ducey's elevation to the rank and title of "Monsignor," and for more than a year after the fiasco continued to speak of him as "Mgr. Ducey."

A few months ago two priests in Nottingham, England, also received the title of Monsignor on the recommendation of their bishop, and they had their livery ready—"robes of office," the Catholic papers say—but Cardinal Vaughan did not approve of their appointment, and he ordered them to return their briefs, adding that "failure to do so will entail grievous consequences, and no appeal will avail should you become disobedient and contumacious." The priests are Englishmen, and their blood was up immediately. So they wrote to Vaughan, saying: "We are not serfs. We are freeborn Englishmen. Englishmen are not accustomed to submit to degradation without knowing the reason why. The attempt to degrade us is being made, not because we deserve degradation, but to satisfy the vanity of a petulant prelate."

If the priests have money, plenty of it, and go to Rome, putting it where it will do the most good, they can keep their briefs and their livery and titles and defy the Cardinal. But if they are poor, they must submit. That is Rome's way. At Rome anything in the Pope's gift, spiritual or temporal, can be had for money.

I subscribed for THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC last year for the first time. This year I felt as if I could not do without it, writes a friend.

EUROPEAN NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR.

DURING my visit to Ireland last August it rained nearly every day. My recollection of Ireland in that respect was confirmed by this experience. Thirty-three years ago, after some years' schooling in Paris, France, I left Ireland for this country, and though I kept in touch with the Irish people during all those years, my interest in the country itself was slight. Two-thirds of the people are Roman Catholics and they are the same there as in every Roman Catholic country. It is not necessary to say more on that subject.

It was a great pleasure to meet many Christian friends, especially in Belfast. Their kindness made my visit very agreeable. From Belfast I went down the river one day to Bangor, and during the trip was entertained by a gentleman who expressed his Protestant sentiments in unmistakable terms. He was a business man and he said there never could be prosperity in Ireland as there was in America while the Roman Catholic priests had such power over the people. The priests would rather have the people continue indigent, ignorant and dependent than prosperous and progressive. They know that in the latter condition they would be independent. As things are at present they lean upon the priests and look up to them for guidance. How to break the power of the priests was the question. "Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow," said the gentleman. We discussed this question at some length, I pointing out to him that the power of the priests was primarily a spiritual one, for if the people knew that their souls

could be saved without the priests they would not be bothered with them, but would give them a wide berth. He agreed with me, but said the people were weighed down with centuries of superstition and their enlightenment would be a slow process. It was not a reformation that was needed so much as a planting of the Gospel seed new and fresh as in Apostolic times. I told him of the millions of Catholics that had left the Roman Catholic Church in the United States, and that there was not a Protestant Church of any denomination with us but had former Catholics among the members. He said he had heard of that fact, and then he was curious to know how I came to be so well informed on the subject. When I told him, he was greatly pleased and said he had heard of me and the work I was doing in New York. "If we had a thousand, or even a hundred, men like you," said he, "the Papal church would be driven to the wall." I mentioned Rev. Thomas Connellan, of Dublin, a former priest who was doing an excellent work in that city, and he said Father Connellan was one of the best and bravest men in Ireland, but there should be scores and hundreds like him. I explained to him the difficulties that beset priests who desire to leave the Roman Church and how for lack of support they are compelled to go into business and leave religious matters alone. The Protestant Churches have enough to do to care for their own work, and when a priest is received into one of them he practically leaves behind him all that relates to the Roman Catholic Church and its people. In England there were many former priests in the Protestant Churches who ministered to

the people of those churches like other rectors and pastors. He agreed with me that converted priests should be set apart for work among Catholics, but did not see how the difficulty of providing support for them could be obviated. "When your ships come home," I said to him, "when you get rich, set apart some of your wealth for this purpose, and you will see that many converted priests would rather preach the Gospel to the Catholics than minister to Protestant congregations."

"I wish I was rich," said he, "I would do as you say. It would be better policy for the government to sustain men who have come out of the Church of Rome than to support and flatter the papal priests as it is doing."

I told my friend to communicate with Mr. Connellan and not to forget Christ's Mission in New York when he had become rich. "I fear that will never be," said he, "but I will pray for you and him, and maybe someone who has money to spare will be led to do as we wish in this matter." We parted on excellent terms when the boat reached Bangor.

WHERE DR. HALL DIED.

My visit to Bangor was in the nature of pilgrimage to the place where Dr. John Hall, of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, this city, had departed this life in September, 1898. Though Bangor is a busy, bustling town and many summer visitors frequent the place in the season, nearly every person we addressed knew where Dr. Hall had passed the last days of his life on earth. The driver of the jaunting car, the peculiar Irish vehicle in which the passengers sit back to back and from which one is liable to fall off unless he holds on

with a firm grip, took us to the house in a few minutes from the boat landing, and we were received by Dr. Hall's sister, Mrs. McGowan, who has lived in the house for many years. This venerable lady, in many respects like Dr. Hall, tall, stately and dignified, was much pleased to see us, as her brother used to send her *THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC*. She led us to the room where he spent his last days, and with tender affection related many incidents of his last hours and his peaceful end. As we knelt in prayer in the room where the spirit of that faithful minister of Jesus Christ had passed from earth to heaven we gave thanks to God for the life and work of such a man. In all Ireland there was no man more honored by Christian people, and they were proud of his successful ministry in the United States.

As the recently published "Life of Dr. Hall" is reviewed in this issue of *THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC*, by Dr. Sanderson, who knew him well, it is only necessary to say that he was a kind friend to the work for the evangelization of the Roman Catholics. And his sympathy was all the more precious because it was voluntary, no appeal having ever been made to him or his church for the support of the work. When the circumstances that attended the last year of his pastorate in the Fifth Avenue Church are considered, and the trouble that came upon him in connection with the Jewish work and Herman Warzawiak, I am thankful to God that the work of Christ's Mission had not been carried on in that way. Dr. Hall was personally kind and courteous, and as I met him at the Ministers' meeting on Monday mornings he always had a good word to say in commendation

of the work I was doing, and expressed the interest that Mrs. Hall took in the Magazine, which she read regularly.

From Belfast I went to Dublin to visit Rev. Thomas Connellan, who is greatly respected by Christians of all denominations in Ireland. His work in Dublin is in some respects like that of our Christ's Mission in New York. He was beginning a series of meetings in a large hall at the time of my visit, and he very courteously invited me to

preach and would devote the offering to help Christ's Mission. But as I went to Europe for rest and had refused other invitations to preach I would not let him make the sacrifice. It was a great pleasure to spend a day with this beloved brother who is well equipped spiritually and intellectually to do a great work for his former brethren in the Roman Church. From Dublin I proceeded to Scotland, and the next "Notes" will relate to that "bonnie countrie."



REV. DR. JOHN HALL.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF REV. DR. JOHN HALL, BY HIS SON, REV. THOMAS C. HALL, D.D.

BY REV. JOSEPH SANDERSON, D.D., LL.D.

IF teaching by example be one of the most effective methods of doing good, then this faithful pen portraiture of Dr. Hall by his son should produce a lasting beneficent impression on every reader of this book. As might be expected of the worthy son of a worthy sire, he extenuates nothing and sets down naught in malice. Everything that is deemed necessary for publication in the life of his father from the cradle to the grave is here set forth by his son in fitting terms, and eight illustrations are included to give zest and additional interest to the volume.

Dr. Hall was of Scotch-Irish parentage, was the eldest of nine children, was born July 31, 1829, in a respectable looking farm cottage at Ballygorman, County Armagh, Ireland—a holding which the family had possessed for six generations. His father was an elder in the Presbyterian Church of which his wife's cousin was the pastor—the Rev. William McGowan, who baptized their infant, John, on October 13. His father was a man of high standing and wide influence, whose counsel was much sought in the affairs of the community. His means, however, were limited, and the aid of his children was often needed in the cultivation of the farm, and while the daily fare was of the simplest character, the atmosphere of the home was in the best sense of the word religious.

It would not be far from the truth to say that the children were brought up on oatmeal and the shorter cate-

chism. But there was combined with all this training an intellectual and a pious force manifested by both parents that made its impress upon the children, and soon showed a marked result in the oldest son. When John was between five and six years of age he was placed in a little neighborhood school. Of this school, Dr. Hall afterwards wrote thus: "Our school, I am sure, was not a wonderful school in any way. You might see the boys and girls on a November morning, when the hoar frost whitened the crisp grass, tripping along with little red hands, and shining faces, with a book or two under one arm, and a 'turf' (or peat) under the other, which on entering the school was added to the heap that warmed the house for the day. And yet simple and primitive as it was, we had the usual variety of character, and I think, speaking generally, those whom I know now, are very much in maturity what they were beginning to be as children."

In this school he was drilled in spelling, definitions, English grammar and writing. At a very early age his handwriting became so regular and beautiful that it was the pride of a large family circle, and very soon the younger children of the family and others in the neighborhood were gathered in the kitchen of his father's house, where they were taught by John under the superintendence of his parents.

John's school teacher soon removed to another part of the country, and

his successor confessed not long after that he could do no more for the boy. John, therefore, was obliged to go to a newly established classical school three miles distant. To this school he walked for a time, but his health showing signs of failure under the strain, his father bought him a pony, upon which he afterwards rode thither. At this school, though the range was narrow, the drill was sound and thorough, and during the continuance of his studies there, his father would often at the close of day take him by the hand, and leading him apart would commune with God, and impress upon the boy's mind lessons he never forgot of fidelity to duty, obedience to God, dependence upon prayer and of faithfulness in all undertaken tasks. Even then, his biographer tells us, the boy's mind was filled with awe and hope at the prospect of undertaking the public ministry of God's word.

He always emphasized the influences of a Christian home, and he once wrote in response to an enquiry: "I have to say with profound gratitude to God that I was brought up in the closest connection with the church, learned the shorter catechism in my home, attended Sunday School, and I think believed in the Saviour for years before becoming a communicant. This step I was permitted to take at the age of fourteen, after passing through the communicants' class of a faithful pastor."

The resources of the classical school were pretty well exhausted by the diligence of the pupil, and so at a very early age it seemed best to send the youth to Belfast. He began his work there with the autumn session of 1841 and therefore just begin-

ning his thirteenth year. The college of Belfast at that time may not have possessed the very best equipped faculty, but there was found in its teachings a fresh, earnest spirit, and the lecture rooms were pervaded by a deep sense of a newly awakened religious feeling. High personal standards of godly living and entire consecration to the work of the ministry made the theological students a powerful influence among their fellows. The whole atmosphere of the place was permeated with the intense feeling to which a recent awakening had given rise.

The standard of expense was low, but many of the students were obliged to earn their way, in part at least. For a boy so young as the subject of this life sketch the work was hard, and to add to his difficulty he soon began to teach in a girls' school some distance from the college buildings, and the work of teaching he continued until the close of his college life.

He took prizes in Hebrew and Church History and repeatedly prizes in Church History Essays. At this time young Hall and a few earnest friends banded themselves together for prayer and the improvement of their own spiritual life and to promote a new missionary spirit. When separating for their life work, these friends resolved that on Saturday evenings they would remember each other in prayers and by name as long as they lived.

Just before the beginning of his last year in college young Hall was summoned home to bid farewell to his father on his deathbed, whose death was that of the righteous, and after discharging the last duties of his love

to his best earthly friend the bereaved boy returned to Belfast to take up the final duties and decisions of a last year of theological education.

After finishing his studies he was licensed to preach in his twentieth year, and was at once chosen to labor as "The Students' Missionary" in the west of Ireland, where he did good service for the cause of Christ, was equal to all demands and received a training of invaluable service to him.

His work was the inspection of schools, preaching at various stations, distributing tracts, visiting the people at their homes and establishing Sunday schools. In this work he had the earnest and untiring support of Mrs. Emily Irwin. From the beginning of the work, a warm friendship was established between them, which ripened into love and very soon a practical engagement was concluded. Mrs. Irwin had been married very early in life, and had been left a widow with three little boys. The union proved to be a most fitting one, and like interests and tastes made the relationship a sweet and blessed partnership in the life work of the ministry. His ordination by the Presbytery of Connaught as a missionary took place at Ballina in October, 1850. It was during his stay in Connaught that he formed the habit of writing for the weekly papers, and in this way all through life he plied his pen freely. But his work was often depressing, and caused, especially by the Roman Catholic opposition to it, and by the poverty and blank ignorance of the people. But his work was done so conspicuously well that his name spread abroad, and many predicted that a wider range must be secured for his talents. At this juncture

family affairs called him to his old home in the County of Armagh and as the pulpit of the first church in Armagh was then vacant he was asked to supply the pulpit for two Sabbaths, which he did, and as a result, a unanimous call was extended to him to become pastor of the church. This call came to him on January 6, 1852, and soon steps were taken to sever his relationship in Connaught, and to go to his new field of labor.

It was in Armagh that those powers as pastor and preacher were developed which made the future career so fruitful. The congregation was composed of thoughtful and highly educated people living in the city and many busy farmers and their tired wives whose opportunities for intellectual improvement were limited. The sermon had to be adapted to both classes in substance, style and manner. The young preacher was equal to the occasion, and won golden opinions from all. The great need of the congregation was a closer touch with the outlying regions dependent on the church. Here the young pastor began that systematic visiting which marked his ministerial life throughout. He was in the habit of announcing a prayer meeting in a district on a certain day and hour, having arranged with some household for the use of their largest room. Then he visited around all the day, often taking his supper at some of the houses, spoke at the prayer meeting, encouraged the people to attend regularly the Sunday services, and then made his way home. The result was that the attendance on both the floor and the gallery of the church grew steadily and quietly, but with permanent strength. In later years, he some-

times remarked that the difficulty of pastoral visitation had changed. In Armagh he needed tact and resource to prevent his visitation being purely official, ministerial and professional. In later life, and elsewhere, he needed tact and resource to give his visiting the ministerial and spiritual significance he coveted for it. All his children, save the youngest born in Dublin, were born in Armagh, and in addition to the care of his own family he had the additional burden of his younger brothers and sisters. Cheerfully and lovingly, all his life, he was more of a father than a brother to them all.

While in Armagh, as before and afterwards, he took a deep interest in the temperance cause and in the stirring religious movements at work. In the meantime the fame as a preacher of the young Armagh minister was spreading. Overtures to go to Glasgow were made to him, but were declined. The leading Presbyterian church in Dublin, called Mary's Abbey, presided over for many years by the honored and scholarly pastor, Dr. William B. Kirkpatrick, began to look about for one who should become with him a fellow minister in the work of the church. The choice fell at once on the Armagh minister and although financially a change to Dublin had no attractions, yet with the earnest advice of friends and leaders in Belfast and elsewhere, the Armagh pastor at last said "Yes" to the invitation. This call to Mary's Abbey was dated June 28, 1858. In spite of the strenuous efforts of the two pastors, whose warm friendship lasted through the lifetime of Dr. Kirkpatrick, the arrangement had many disadvantages and did not work well.

The experiment was one that the younger pastor never desired to try again.

Mary's Abbey, however, filled up rapidly, and in spite of a location altogether unfavorable, and a building far from meeting the needs of the congregation, the prosperity was apparent and real. In his new field the pastor displayed the same restless energy and power of increasing work as he did in Armagh. A great variety of human wants and woes had to be met and mastered. The editing of *The Evangelical Witness*, a monthly religious paper, was soon commenced and continued till his removal from Dublin. Much time was devoted to the evangelization of the west of Ireland, to the institutions of orphans, of the deaf and dumb, and to the temperance cause. One of the great questions then agitating Ireland was that of education, to what was called the National System the Government made a grant of \$2,000,000 for the carrying out of the system under a board of commissioners comprised of equal numbers of Roman Catholic and Protestant noblemen and gentlemen. This system of schools and colleges was planned, in which the best available teachers should give all denominations secular learning in common, where, at separate hours and in separate places, the clergy or other religious teachers approved by the parents should come and teach his own coreligionists as much of his religion as they pleased. The Episcopalian can have the catechism and prayer book, the Roman Catholic his catechism and prayer books or any religious books he will and the Presbyterian his Bible and shorter catechism. The only two rules were that

no one should be denied secular education on religious grounds, and that no one should be forced to learn tenets opposed to his own religion. This seemed fair and unobjectionable to all. To represent the Presbyterians of Ireland on this board of commissioners of National Education Dr. Hall was appointed by the Government. This appointment was accepted, and vastly increased his duties and responsibilities, and called forth adverse criticism from some quarters. But these attacks did not weaken Dr. Hall's position as a preacher. The common people heard him gladly and crowded congregations made Mary's Abbey altogether too small and too unimportant a building for the uses of the church. The congregation, however, did not feel strong enough to undertake the erection of a new building. Mr. Alexander Findlater came forward and offered to erect the building if the congregation procured the site. This was accordingly done. The new building was entered in 1864, and a new burden of pastoral work came upon the ministry. Dublin was growing in all directions and the young pastor was anxious if possible to overtake the spreading population with gospel privileges. He felt deeply responsible for the success of the new church in Rutland square and of *The Evangelical Witness*, which he edited, and whose increasing circulation gave him a widening influence.

Several efforts had been made to obtain his services elsewhere. He had refused a splendid opening for usefulness in Glasgow. A committee had waited upon him from Free St. George's Church in Edinburgh to urge him to consider that opening.

But now another call for his services was made upon him. He was made a delegate to the Presbyterian Assembly's meeting in the United States. It was with mingled feelings that he accepted the appointment when he considered his duty to Ireland, to himself and to the church at large.

On the second of May, 1867, he sailed by the steamship "City of New York" for the United States, where, after a rather unpleasant voyage of eleven days, he arrived May 13, and was "luxuriously lodged" with a distant relative, Mr. James Stuart. The object of sending a delegate to America from the church in Ireland was to establish again bonds of fellowship imperilled by the Civil War and its division of sentiment.

He had only eight weeks to stay in the country, and in that time he spoke day after day in nearly all the eastern and many of the western cities. He addressed the Old and New School Assemblies, the Synod of the Reformed Church, the Synod of the Covenanters and the Covenanter Synod of Canada. At Cincinnati his speech before the Old School Assembly made a profound impression. The enthusiasm aroused was very great, and from that time calls came to him to speak at meetings all over the country at most impossible distances. Of his speech at Cincinnati *Harper's Weekly* said: "His eloquent speech on the occasion of his reception which was one of the most striking incidents of the Assembly, will never be forgotten by any who heard it."

Lecture engagements called him to Canada and from there down through the New England States. On the 23d of June he was in New York City.

(To be continued.)

DEPARTED FRIENDS.

THESE winter months from which we are just emerging have been fatal to many friends in whose hearts we had a place and whose good wishes and loving kindness had cheered and helped us in this work. It has been a great privilege to have the friendship of those who were attracted to the work of Christ's Mission by its Christian character, and we shall miss those who have departed to be with the Lord. Every Christian can say with Paul, "For me to die is gain." Not until we meet beyond the river where the surges cease to roll shall we fully realize what that gain is. But the promise of our Saviour is, "Where I am, there ye shall be also." There is no parting in the Father's house. Joy unspeakable and full of glory is the inheritance promised to the believer in Christ. For those who remain in our generation the promise of our God is, "I will turn their mourning into joy, and will comfort them, and make them rejoice from their sorrow."

One of our oldest subscribers in Illinois, Mr. E. A. Hall, of St. Charles, recently laid away in the grave the body of his dear wife who had been his companion for sixty-one years, and who shared with him the joys of the Christian life during all those years.

MRS. A. C. BROWN.

One of the greatest Christians we had known in this city, a personal friend and a good friend of Christ's Mission, Mrs. A. C. Brown, departed this life a few months ago, and though she had reached the century mark she had retained her faculties to

the last. It was a great privilege to hear the Christian testimony of this lady up to the last. She had become a member of the Reformed (Dutch) Church in her sixteenth year and was an earnest, consistent believer for eighty-four years. "I know that my Redeemer liveth," was a favorite expression on her lips. To her the Saviour was a living power, and her works corresponded to her faith in Him. She was a member of Dr. Kittredge's Church, and regularly attended the services there up to within a year of her death, though she used to go to hear Dr. John Hall at the prayer meetings of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church.

MR. HUGH O'NEILL.

Another member of Dr. Kittredge's Church, one of the great merchants of this city, Mr. Hugh O'Neill, whose magnificent business house occupies the block on Sixth avenue, from Twentieth to Twenty-first streets, has been called from this life to the life eternal this month. In many years the press of this city has not given so much space to the death of a business man as in the case of Mr. O'Neill. He was the finest type of a business man. Born in Ireland fifty-nine years ago of Covenanter stock, he came to this country as a boy, and by industry and perseverance and the lofty endurance characteristic of his race, he became one of the foremost merchants of this city. And withal he was a good, kind, charitable man. In summing up his life the *New York Mail and Express* said:

"Hugh O'Neill was another of the sturdy and sagacious Ulstermen who have made a large mark in business in this city. He was, like A. T. Stewart and several others, one of a

type of men who cannot help putting their impress on affairs around them. He ran his own business; he was a personality, not an abstraction. His employees had access to him, and worked under the inspiration of his personal presence and his eager industry. His customers were also able to obtain from him the correction of any error. His business was done under a full sense of responsibility. Ready enough to listen to the grievance of a customer or an employee, he was immovable when outside influences sought to control his relations with his own employees or to dictate with whom he should or should not do business.

"In short, he was an all-round business man, as such a man fully recognizing the principle that an individual brain of the right sort, in the right place, is bigger than any corporation. Association is generally a necessary thing in large operations, but the invoking of its advantages does not in the least lessen the influence nor remove the necessity of individual energy, individual initiative, individual decision.

"Mr. O'Neill maintained his position in business with perfect success and perfect integrity. He was as good a citizen as he was merchant, and he will be profoundly missed in this metropolis."

Mrs. O'Neill and two daughters survive this great dry goods merchant and good man, and all are interested in Christian work. Some years ago the only son of the family, a fine young man, who was also an earnest Christian, was called home from earth to heaven.

REV. GEORGE C. NEEDHAM.

On February 16, at his home in Narberth, Pa., a suburb of Philadelphia, the dearest friend and best beloved brother the editor of this Magazine had for twenty-two years was suddenly called to the higher life with the words "Lord Jesus" on his lips. It was a shock that thrilled us through our whole being when the word came that George C. Needham was dead. He had returned only three days before from Chattanooga, Tenn., where he had conducted evangelistic meetings with great success for three weeks, and was preparing to go to Chicago for a month's work in the Moody Bible Institute. There was no warning of death, though he had been a sufferer from heart disease for some years. Suddenly at four o'clock on Sabbath morning in presence of his wife and son Albert, the voice of the Lord came to him whom we loved, oh, so dearly! "Come home."

A memorial service for our beloved brother will be held in the chapel of Christ's Mission Sunday evening, March 30, and a full account of his life and work will appear in this Magazine next month. Life is poorer to us and less joyful because George Needham has gone away. A great multitude whom he had blessed by his ministry as an evangelist, like Mr. Moody, with whom he was associated for more than thirty years, can say the same. He wrote much for this Magazine, his powerful story of "Father Flynn's Experiences," that has run through several editions, first appearing in these pages. He was of the same age as the editor, and they both first saw the light of this world in the same part of Ireland.

FATHER O'CONNOR'S LETTERS TO CARDINAL GIBBONS.**SIXTH SERIES.****III.**

NEW YORK, March, 1902.

Sir:—You have been called to task severely and justly for your breach of courtesy at a recent reception at the White House, in Washington, which you attended like hundreds of other citizens, but which with very bad taste you contrived to turn into a reception for yourself as a "prince of the Church." President Roosevelt received you as he did others with courtesy and frankness, and after you had passed along the line, to be greeted by Mrs. Roosevelt also, you turned into the large East Room and in the full regalia of your pontifical attire, "cardinal red cassock, stockings," etc., held a reception of your own that, as the papers said, outshone that of the President. Senators, Congressmen, Judges and other representative men were drummed up and urged to go and see "the Cardinal." Many laughed, but they gathered around you, and some went so far as to kiss your hand on the fingers of which diamonds sparkled. What a spectacle for free-born American citizens.

You are usually credited with tact, but you committed a blunder on this occasion, for the papers did not fail to note that when President Roosevelt heard of your proceeding a shade of annoyance passed over his face. He could not help observing that it was a distinct breach of courtesy to him, and though, or perhaps because, some of the "rough rider" element still clings to him he is fully alive to the dignity and responsibility of his position as our Chief Magistrate. You may be sure that fantastic and foolish exhibition of yours will not be soon repeated at the White House.

Your object, of course, was to give the authorities at Rome the impression that you were as great a man as the President of the United States, and to let the American people see that the claim of your Church to be the greatest religious and political force in the country was well founded. See how the politicians flock around the Cardinal. Behold in him the head of an organization that controls two million votes. He is a factor in election time that must be taken into account. The "Catholic vote" holds the balance of power in many of our large cities and in parts of New England, and it is worth cultivating. So the Cardinal must be humored in his exhibition of his red stockings and scarlet robes. That was the sentiment of the time-serving politicians who bowed before you in the East Room, and you accepted their "homage" as a tribute to your position as the head of the Roman Church in this country.

You have not been fortunate in your efforts to pose before the American people in this manner. We all remember when in October, 1899, you appeared on the platform in front of the Capitol at Washington, between President McKinley and Admiral Dewey, on the occasion of the presentation of a sword of honor to the latter for his victory over the Spanish fleet in Manila

in May, 1898. It was generally felt by all people of refinement that your presence on that occasion was ill-timed. To be sure you only gave the benediction at the close of the ceremony, but your participation in such a national demonstration was an outrage on decency. Admiral Dewey had given a mortal blow to the power of Spain, the most Catholic country in the world, "the pet child of the Pope," and good taste and regard for propriety and the fitness of things should have kept you in the background when Protestant America was honoring the hero of the victory over Roman Catholicism.

You had an object in view then, as in the recent exhibition you made of yourself in the White House, and, I believe, the latter attempt to demonstrate your importance will be as disastrous as was the former. It will be remembered that a picture of the scene was taken when you were giving the benediction. You were the central figure and the President and Admiral were merely adjuncts to your glory on the occasion. That picture was sent to Rome where it was hoped it would be an object lesson to all visitors that the papal Church had conquered the United States. Soon afterward Admiral Dewey was married to a Catholic woman in a Catholic Church. (Had you an inkling of this engagement when you tried to make the President and the Admiral your satellites? If so, then the best laid plans of men like you "gang aft agley.") Admiral Dewey, a New England Protestant, one of the oldest stock, fell from his high estate in this moment of weakness, but he soon recovered himself and within a few weeks after his marriage it was announced that he had become a pewholder in a Protestant Episcopal Church, and his wife formally renounced the Roman Catholic faith and became a member of the same Church. As soon as he heard the news in Rome, the Pope caused the picture that glorified you to be turned to the wall, and it is now in the lumber room of the Vatican. We shall see if even a worse disaster will not befall your latest effort to flaunt your flag in the face of the American people—perhaps the expulsion of the friars from the Philippines.

God is not with you, Cardinal; in the underhand, Jesuitical way in which you seek to propagate the Roman system in this country. The American people are very tolerant, too much so from the point of view of students of history who know what Romanism is, but they will be firm and unyielding in the maintenance of the policy to keep the State free from ecclesiastical control when they perceive the danger. You are really doing a service to the cause of American patriotism every time you seek to gain prominence for yourself or your Church in public affairs. With a smirk and a smile and your fantastic garb, you seek to gain the favor of what is called "society," and the public press notes your proceedings. But behind the scenes even the reporters laugh at your antics and the politicians see through you. The unthinking multitude in your own Church gape with admiring wonder and the tricks that you play before the public are accepted as evidence of your far reaching influence. The more audacious you are the better you will serve the cause of freedom and liberty, though I cannot but pity the dupes

who have been led to imagine that there is anything more than bluster in your attempts to push your Church into prominence by such methods. President Roosevelt and our public men generally are not fools, though they are politicians who want votes to enable them to hold office, and they will use you rather than you them when the fitting time comes.

THE PAPAL JUBILEE.

The minor ecclesiastics in your Church are trying to follow your example in bringing forward the pretensions of the papacy before the American people, and they have seized upon the occasion of the Pope's jubilee this month to exploit those pretensions. Here is how one of them has proceeded. Out in Denver, Colorado, there was a celebration in honor of the Pope, when the speaker of the occasion, Rev. William O'Ryan, pastor of St. Leo's Roman Catholic Church said: "In all the history of the Church I know of no man who has so many qualities of greatness as Leo XIII. He will shine in history when people shall be disputing whether George Washington was a Comanche Indian or a nigger." Not only did the local press report his words, but the Associated Press sent them all over the United States. It will not do to say that this priest is a vulgar fellow when he is pastor of the largest Roman Catholic Church in the city of Denver. The report says: "In comparing the Pope to George Washington, the priest did not speak unguardedly, but with apparent deliberation." But it added: "There was a manifest displeasure among those present, both clerics and laity, and Rev. Father O'Ryan soon after closed his sermon."

Other priests in various parts of the country spoke in the same vein. Some exalted the Pope above Abraham Lincoln. Others said no American had ever lived who could be compared to the great pontiff who ruled the destinies of the Roman Catholic Church; he was lord of all on this earth.

And yet, Cardinal, while this fulsome eulogy is being poured forth by the papal agents in this country, you know that it is all a hollow mockery. The time was when the papal rule was supreme and the kings of the earth bowed before it. To-day we find the Pope not only stripped of all temporal power, no longer a king or potentate among the sovereigns of the world, but actually a subject of the King of Italy. Even while I am writing this, the announcement is made in the public press that the Pope had to appeal to the courts in Rome for protection against thieves who had stolen the greater part of the "Peter's Pence" that had been sent to him by the faithful from all parts of the world. The thieves knew where the Pope kept his treasure; as Catholics they had access to the Vatican and had bribed even the personal servitors of the Pope. They were convicted in the courts, and while the Pope has got back some of his money, he has lost his prestige by this appeal to the civil power. He claims to be the vicar of Christ, the infallible teacher of divine truth, and you and your priests tell the American people that his claim is valid. What a delusion! The American people reject such pretensions, but alas! we have many millions among us who believe such lies. They ought to be enlightened. Yours truly,

JAMES A. O'CONNOR.

A YEAR IN ST. MARGARET'S CONVENT.

BY P. H. C.

CHAPTER VII.

Happy indeed those parents who have really committed their children, in faith, to God! Though separated by time and distance, they have the sweet assurance that He who keepeth their jewels, neither slumbers nor sleeps; that instead of their own feeble and erring support, the Everlasting Arms are under them, and that it is their Father's good pleasure to pour upon the children of his servants his choicest blessings. But how presumptuous in such as slight His commands to expect the benefits of His promises. While Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain were solacing themselves with the thought of their daughter's cleverness and the brevity of their exposure to danger, those who had them in charge, "wise in their generation," were diligently improving that short time to secure such influence over their pupils as might lay the foundation for ulterior designs.

"What do you think of the history lesson to-day, Marcia?" asked Martha Lawrence, as she joined a group of her Protestant schoolmates, a few days after the visit to Mrs. Arnot.

"I think," was the reply, "that it is so false and scandalous that I cannot recite it. It is shameful to misrepresent history as it is done in this book. It is impossible to recognize Luther in the hypocritical, violent fanatic pictured here."

"I should not like to say these things either," remarked Grace, "particularly about Luther, for I do not believe them."

"As you please, young ladies," exclaimed Frances Whittingham. "I see I shall take the head of the class, for I shall say it all. I don't believe it; but it is our lesson, and what matter a few words? Cousin Ida comes next, and she believes it all and more too, for she has been here three years; so you will go down rapidly if you stand on such scruples."

Marcia looked vexed; she generally maintained the first place in the class.

"Let us ask Sister Angelica to excuse us to-day," suggested Grace. "I don't think she ought to require us Protestants to recite this."

"O yes, she surely will not refuse," answered Marcia, "and the girls cannot object."

As soon as Sister Angelica had taken her place to hear the history, Marcia and Grace approached, and hesitatingly proffered their request, in behalf of several other Protestant pupils, as well as themselves. Sister Angelica looked at them in surprise, and after a full explanation of their difficulty, said coldly, she was "not aware that there was any other account of the matter, worthy of credit; her business was simply to hear the lesson; she was astonished at such a request from two of her best scholars; it seemed like wishing to shirk their studies."

Marcia and Grace, disappointed and mortified, retired to the class which was already assembling. To Marcia, ever willing to labor for the approbation

of her teachers and for pre-eminence in study, the nun's words were especially cutting. It seemed hard to sacrifice both place and credit for a few paragraphs of history. Mechanically she took her accustomed place.

"The book, Miss Chamberlain."

As she placed it in her teacher's hand, an improving smile only increased the conflict. Sister Angelica had always been her favorite among the teachers, and was, she thought, the most intelligent of them; it seemed disrespectful to make a difficulty about such a trifle, and in a tumult of contending emotions she made the required recitations. Whether it was Marcia's example or the effect of their own reasoning, after some little excitement, every girl was found in her place except Grace, who had seated herself at the foot of the class, and when a question was put to her, said, "She had not studied that part of the lesson." The teacher looked displeased, passed it to the head, where it was answered by Marcia, though with confusion, and so the lesson proceeded, from which was carefully excluded, of course, in the narrative of the Reformation, every Protestant idea; the whole affair of Protestantism being treated as a foul excrescence on the fair surface of the Church.

Marcia, however, was ill-satisfied with herself, the more so, as Grace's sacrifice of place to principle seemed a tacit reproach to her; and she sought, in the afternoon, to justify her conduct by all the sophistries with which she had essayed to quiet her own conscience.

"I shall tell Sister Angelica that I do not believe these things—that I merely recite them because they are our lesson; and our parents," she continued, "must have wished us to learn such lessons as should be given us, or they would not have placed us here."

"I can appreciate your difficulty," answered Grace, "but as I am not ambitious, the sacrifice of place is not so much to me as it would be to you."

"You are a queer girl," said her companion; "you study your lessons well, yet seem not to value your rank in the class."

"It is one of my idiosyncracies," answered Grace, laughing, "to value the substance more than the sign."

"It is very vexatious," rejoined Marcia, thinking of recitations yet to be made. "Will you recite to-morrow?"

"Not if this subject is continued. Sister Angelica can but keep me in, and I don't think she will venture to do that."

Marcia secretly wished she had put herself out of temptation also, but it was too late; she preferred to lead rather than to follow; besides, the place for which she had made a sacrifice, seemed more valuable than before. She was saved the embarrassment of seeking an interview with Sister Angelica, for the nun, soon after school was dismissed, joined her and Lucy, and after some pleasant remarks, proposed a walk in the garden.

The garden, large and well ordered, was one of the most attractive features of the Convent, particularly to Lucy, who was an enthusiastic admirer of flowers, as well as of all the beauties of nature; and when the Superior pointed it out to Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain, and expatiated on the advantage of the

pupils in having so delightful a retreat, she anticipated many happy hours amidst its shady and fragrant walks. Proportionably great was her disappointment to learn, soon after, that the girls were not often permitted to enter that garden, and when they did so, only under the supervision, as at all other times, of the nuns. Often she had cast wistful glances towards this delectable spot from the window of a hall through which she sometimes passed, and it was with unfeigned pleasure that both Marcia and she accepted the Sister's invitation. The gay blossoms of summer were faded and gone; the scantier and hardier flowers of autumn were fast disappearing, but the brilliant and many-colored dahlias, the rich scarlet salvia, the delicately formed fuchsias, and the fragrant geraniums, which still lent their charms to the garden, with the varied and gorgeous colors of the foliage, drew forth many expressions of admiration from the city-accustomed eyes of the sisters.

Abandoning herself to the delight of the moment, Lucy left her more sedate companions and penetrated the less cultivated parts, making many wonderful discoveries, and gathering, with the nun's permission, several flowers on which to exercise her skill in analyzing, for at Mrs. Hackley's, she had made some proficiency in the study of botany. Sister Angelica smiled at her enthusiasm, and was evidently much gratified at having given them an enjoyment which each, in her own way, seemed to appreciate so highly.

"Wasn't it delightful?" asked Lucy, when the sisters were alone. "I do not know how you could just walk along and talk all the time; and whenever I came near you, I heard 'the Church, the Church!' I suppose Sister Angelica gave you quite a lecture."

"O no, her conversation was very pleasant, but she said some strange things too."

"What were they?"

"One was, that Protestant ministers cannot be saved, because they read the Bible, and know that they are misleading the people."

"And what did you say?"

"I had answered back so many things, and she seemed to mean so kindly in all she said, that I said nothing to this."

"Does she think any Protestant can be saved? Sister Celestine does not."

"Sister Angelica says she thinks it possible, if they have no opportunity to learn the true religion, as she calls it, and if they do not oppose themselves to it."

"That last was for you, sister."

"Perhaps so."

The invitation to the garden was frequently repeated; sometimes Helen and Grace accompanied them, but Marcia continued the chosen and favored companion of Sister Angelica.

"I do not enjoy the garden any longer, sister," said Lucy, one day, "it makes me feel uneasy to hear you talk so much to Sister Angelica about religion. They promised father and mother, you know, not to influence us in that."

"Pshaw, child! mind your own affairs, and I will take care of mine. Sister Angelica says she has no intention of influencing me in the least, in what she says; that I must judge for myself; and I am sure she is as kind as she can be, both to you and me. It is not likely she means us any harm."

"I shall not go any more to the garden, at all events, and I wish you would not, sister. Won't you promise?"

"I promise nothing."

CHAPTER VIII.

"Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned?"

Not long after Grace went to the Convent, Mrs. Dabney having occasion to change her waiting-maid, the place was filled, on the recommendation of Mrs. O'Reilly the housekeeper, by a pleasant looking Irish woman, and Mrs. Dabney soon discovered that she had secured a treasure in Bridget, who, indefatigable in business, also possessed a wonderful talent for anticipating and ministering to her mistress' wants, real and imaginary, a quality peculiarly agreeable to one of Mrs. Dabney's inert yet amiable and unexacting disposition. Bridget was a Roman Catholic, and so were the other domestics, with the exception of John, the colored waiter, who with the docility characteristic of his race, received gratefully the occasional religious instruction of "Missus"; but with regard to the others, Mrs. Dabney had latterly persuaded herself, that in allowing them ample time for their religious duties, she had performed her part; the responsibility of improving it resting with them.

It was not long after Bridget's advent, that Mrs. Dabney found on sitting down to her morning's reading, a neatly bound Roman missal on her table. Bridget entering at the moment, she handed it to her; "I think this must be yours, Bridget."

"O, thank you, I had forgotten where I laid it."

Shortly after the book was again left in the same place. Surprised at Bridget's repeated carelessness, so different from her usual habits, Mrs. Dabney yet opened it, and was reading when Mary entered.

"What an ingenious mixture of truth and error is here," she said, reading aloud, "so subtly blended that one cannot wonder that the unwary are misled; even the earnest and sincere can hardly gather a few crumbs of the gospel from such a garbled and false exhibition of its doctrines."

"And to such as this, dear Grace must so often listen; O, mamma, I do wish this session was at an end, and she safe at home again."

"I too shall be very glad," said Mrs. Dabney, "but Grace was so very anxious to go, it was perhaps best she should try it."

"What book is it?" asked Mary.

"It is Bridget's prayer-book, and the second time I have found it here within a few days."

The book was again returned to Bridget, but without a reprimand, and shortly after Mary found one of the same description placed on her Bible, which it was her habit to read before retiring. It brought to mind the book left in her mother's room, and with it came a painful thought, as she remembered hearing a lady lately tell her mother of a family perverted through the devices of a Roman Catholic servant. It was said, to be sure, that they were very weak people. Accustomed to responsibility, from her mother's vacillating temper and Grace's thoughtlessness, Mary had acquired habits of reflection and decision

beyond her years, and had learned not to shrink from duty because it might be painful. She did not presume to know Bridget's motive, but could see no good reason why she should so perseveringly seek to bring her books to their notice; and when she came in shortly after to render her usual services, after speaking with the kind consideration which characterized the intercourse of Mrs. Dabney and her daughters with their domestics, she asked if this was her book.

"La, Miss, and I believe it is mine," answered Bridget, confusedly.

"Then you must keep it in your own room. We are Protestants, Bridget, and read our own Bibles and Prayer-books. Please remember, for it is best you should understand."

Bridget said nothing, but the incident was not without good effect as regarded Mary, who was relieved from further interference, for Bridget was shrewd enough to see that she had made a mistake, and her zeal, guided perhaps by a more discriminating mind than her own, sought other means and another field of operation which gave fairer promise of success.

It was not long after, that throwing open the door of the library where Mrs. Dabney was usually to be found in the morning occupied with visitors, reading or reclining on the sofa,—for she was often an invalid—that Bridget announced, "Father Davock, Mrs. Dabney"; and closed the door. For an instant, Mrs. Dabney was disagreeably surprised at the announcement and the apparition which accompanied it, for she saw before her, as his name and attire indicated, a Roman Catholic priest, an entire stranger to her. Rising with stately politeness, she requested him to be seated, but waving a dissent, he proceeded to apologize for his intrusion; and if his keen eye had noted the momentary cloud which crossed that still beautiful face, it was not betrayed in the perfect self-possession of his manner. He had, he said, "just returned from St. Margaret's Convent, where he had seen Miss Dabney, from whom he had brought a letter which he had thought best to deliver personally."

Urged now by Mrs. Dabney, whose interest was instantly awakened by the mention of her daughter, he seated himself, and the mother listened eagerly to the few but flattering details he gave, he being the first person she had seen with news from Grace since she left home. He "should go again, in a few days," he said, "to the Convent, and would be happy to take a letter or parcel, should she have such to send"; and Mrs. Dabney gladly availed herself of so direct a communication with Grace. The compliments of the day being made, with a few pleasant remarks the priest departed.

His visit had been so brief, and Mrs. Dabney's mind so occupied with her daughter, that it was not until the letter was read, that she recurred to the person who delivered it. The characteristic which now came most vividly before her, was the restlessness of his keen blue eyes, contrasting strongly with the *bonhomie* expression of his full Celtic mouth, with which the masses of dark brown hair falling over his shoulders better accorded. The long frock coat enveloped a figure in no way remarkable.

The letter was called for at the promised time, and Father Davock again stopped a few minutes that he might the better assure Miss Dabney of her mother's welfare. In the succeeding weeks and months, his visits became more

and more frequent, short, and based as at first on some slight business connected with Grace, but after awhile gradually dropping that character and becoming longer and more personal. Lively and entertaining, Mrs. Dabney could not consider his witty innuendoes as attacks on her faith, so insidious, so flattering was his manner. In the sparkling draught, she detected not the poisonous dregs. Although well instructed in doctrine, she was averse alike by temperament and habit to controversy, and often let pass insinuations she knew to be false, insinuations which, recurring to her mind when alone, gave her pain; yet she did not realize that unopposed by the weapons of our spiritual warfare, the sword of the Spirit which is the word of God, and prayer, they were most surely undermining the citadel of her faith.

Bridget, ever diligent, had often assumed, of late, the duty of answering the door-bell, an encroachment on the department of John in which his indolent habits led him readily to acquiesce; and had Mrs. Dabney been very observant, she would have remarked that Father Davock's visits were seldom interrupted by the announcement of other visitors. They were also made in the morning, so that Mary had never yet met him. Mrs. Dabney had spoken sometimes of him, but generally in connection with news from Grace; and Mary, always anxious to hear from her sister, concluded these priestly visits were inseparable from her residence in the Convent. Lately Mrs. Dabney seldom mentioned him, feeling doubtless a latent apprehension that Mary would not approve his frequent calls, and willing, contrary to her hitherto candid and upright character, that her daughter should remain in ignorance on the subject.

The time came, however, when brilliant sallies were to give place to bolder tactics; when playful repartee was to be succeeded by earnest appeals and dogmatic statements. Several works of fiction, setting forth the antiquity, beauty and perfection of the Romish Church, had been brought for Mrs. Dabney's perusal, and Father Davock had not failed to observe their effects on her imaginative mind.

"You are dissatisfied with your faith, my dear lady," said he, one morning, after some lighter conversation, "and it is not surprising that one of your superior mind should be unable to find happiness in Protestantism, which is essentially a religion of doubt and despair."

"I dissatisfied with my faith!" exclaimed Mrs. Dabney, looking up in alarm, "I never said so, I am sure."

"True, madam, you have not said so; a heart so noble and candid as yours needs not words to interpret its feelings and aspirations. You desire peace and security, and your religion, the religion in which you have been brought up, gives you only doubt and apprehension: you want assurance, and it gives you only fear. It is, you acknowledge, of infinite importance for you to know that you are in the true Church, whether you have or have not the only safe religion. How are you to know this? I would fain lead you to the only authority which can solve this momentous question, the Holy Catholic Church! In her you have a guide to which you may entrust your soul with the same security as to Christ himself. In her, then, I entreat you to take refuge, where alone you can find peace and safety."

Mrs. Dabney became nervous: she was a weak woman, and the unexpected turn of the discourse, with the impetuosity of her companion, threw her off her guard, and when he ceased speaking, her thoughts were too confused to answer. "Was she, indeed, yearning for a higher and holier faith than she had yet known, and was that faith one she had been taught to suspect, fear, aye even to deem apostate? Could this priest be other than sincere? He seemed learned and earnest; he could have only her interests at heart in speaking thus."

Such thoughts rushed hurriedly through her mind, while the priest continued, "Protestants are reared in such very erroneous and prejudiced views of the Catholic Church, that it is no wonder they fear it: but you, my dear lady, are, I am persuaded, too intelligent and ingenuous to let a vulgar prejudice withhold you from embracing the truth when presented to you."

"If my becoming a Catholic is to be the test of my cleverness, I fear I shall forfeit your good opinion," replied the lady, smiling.

"I have no fears of that, and desire only a fair hearing," said the priest. "Why should you not be a Catholic? There must be, you know, insurmountable objections to warrant you in continuing in schism. What do you object to the Church?"

Mrs. Dabney, thus thrown upon the defensive, did not observe the unfair opening of her companion, in assuming his to be the true Church, and hers in schism. She hesitated, and feeling the sophistry of his position without penetrating it, said simply, "There are many things which you have taught me to admire in your Church, but it holds some doctrines and sanctions some practices which would ever prevent me from becoming a member."

"Will you name them?" asked her self-constituted instructor.

"The doctrine of transubstantiation I consider contrary to reason and Holy Scripture. For confession, also, and the worship of the Virgin Mary, we have no warrant."

The priest smiled.

"I must not expect to overcome the prejudices of a life, in a day, but I think I can satisfy you that you have imbibed erroneous ideas on these points, and you cannot, at least, object to hearing what we have to say on these mooted questions."

"Certainly not."

"Let us begin with the last, the blessed Virgin Mary, the mother of God! You have been taught, doubtless, that we worship her: it is an unfounded calumny. We honor Mary, but the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, we adore."

"I have heard that you have greater confidence in her than in our Lord Jesus Christ; that you believe that prayers made through her are answered more readily than those offered through Christ."

"This also is calumny. We hold that whatever power Mary possesses with God is derived solely from the merits of Jesus Christ. Her intercession has all its efficacy from Him and through Him."

"But you believe her to be exempt from original sin, and this has only lately been required as an article of faith, I believe."

"We hold," without noticing the last remarks, "that Mary was exempt

from original sin, because it was not becoming that the Son of God should be born of one who had ever been subject to the curse of sin and under the power of the arch-enemy of God. The doctrine is evidently in accordance with reason. I am sure you feel that it is most proper for those who honor the Son to honor the mother also.

"As for confession, that great bugbear of Protestants, I grieve to think that prejudice should debar you from so great a consolation. Reflect: you have sinned—you confess your sins, and receive a sure pledge of divine pardon. Like the rainbow after the deluge, the sacrament of penance is a sign and pledge of reconciliation between God and the penitent. By the sacrifice of penance sins are truly forgiven. The confessor is the representative of Christ, the friend, the guide, the father and physician of the soul. Such is the doctrine of the Holy Catholic Church, founded on the words of Christ, 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins ye remit, they are remitted, whose sins ye retain, they are retained.' Words cannot be more decisive.

"But, my dear lady," he continued in a milder tone, observing that Mrs. Dabney looked flushed and excited, 'I fatigue you; how can I hope to exhibit to you, in one short interview, a tithe of our authorities? I happen to have with me a book treating unanswerably on these subjects. It was intended for a friend to whom I was going, but I will leave it with you.'

He took from his pocket "Milner's End of Controversy," and handed it to Mrs. Dabney, saying, "You will find it intensely interesting, and I am sure, convincing. I shall call to hear your opinion of it; indeed I have formed too high an estimate of your judgment to doubt what it will be."

CHAPTER IX.

After Father Davock's departure, Mrs. Dabney remained some time musing rather than thinking. If she had exerted her memory and summoned her understanding, she could easily have refuted every insinuation and assertion the priest had made; but accustomed to seek merely entertainment and excitement, effort had become laborious.

To the charge of doubt and despair characterizing her Church, she might have answered, that it is, of all others, a religion of certainty, hope and peace, having for its foundation Truth, for its surety the Word of God, and for its reward the promises of God! Unlike the Romanist, who attempts to scale Heaven on the ladder of good works, the believing Protestant looks to the perfect righteousness of his Redeemer, knowing that it is imputed unto him, sinful though he be, and that, clothed in that spotless robe, he will be presented faultless before the throne of Glory. The Protestant, coming in faith to the appointed consecrated elements, receives "spiritually the most blessed body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, and is assured that he is a member incorporate of the mystical body of Christ, which is the blessed company of all faithful people"; while the poor Romanist comes to a pretended miracle, in which, by the mumbling of a few words by the priest, a God is created, and then swallowed, body, soul and divinity, and he departs, not knowing indeed whether he has received a sacrament, for if the priest had not the intention, it was no sacrament.

Surely the charge of doubt and despair might well be cast back on the Romish Church.

She would have told him, as regards the sacrament of Penance or Confession, the Protestant humbly confesses his sins to the Searcher of hearts, and receives pardon from Him who alone can bestow it; while the Roman Catholic listens to the blasphemous mimicry of *Ego te absolvo*, from a priest assuming the prerogative of God, while he can only hope he intends to absolve him, if he really has the power.

As concerns the Virgin Mary, she would have answered, "The assertion 'We do not worship' is entirely overborne by the facts of the case. Her images are continually multiplying in the churches; prayer in the church is addressed more to her than to Christ. To elevate her as an object of worship, a new dogma has been added to the Romish creed within the last few years; she is said, by one of their eminent modern writers to have "excited and impelled her Son to his death, and so to have coöperated for the salvation of the world." The Pope Pius IX. in a late allocution to the Bishops, uses this language: "For ye know very well that the whole of our confidence is placed in the most Blessed Virgin, since God has placed in Mary the fulness of all good: that accordingly we may know that if there is any hope in us, if any grace, if any salvation, it redounds to us from her, since such is His will, who hath willed that we should have everything through Mary."

In a translation of that popular Romish book of devotion, by St. Alphonsus de Liguori, "The Glories of Mary," "approved and cordially recommended," by Cardinal Wiseman, Archbishop of Westminster, are found the following among many other fearful and blasphemous expressions: "Mary is the only hope of sinners," p. 90. "Go to Mary * * * our salvation is in her hands. * * * He who is protected by Mary will be saved; he who is not will be lost," p. 136. "No one is saved but through thee," (Mary,) p. 135. "Mary so loved the world, as to give her only begotten Son," p. 449. Let it be remembered that the works of Liguori have passed through all the processes of examination and expurgation of which so much boast is made by the authorities of the Romish Church; and he himself was found worthy of having his name enrolled on the calendar of Saints. Accordingly his canonization took place so lately as May 26, 1839. With such authorities, and a thousand others which might be cited, it is of no effect to say, "we do not worship Mary."

But, as has been remarked, Mrs. Dabney made no vigorous effort to refute the statements she felt and knew to be false: she sat musing for a while, wondering how such a clever man could be so misled; then taking up the book he had left, she concluded she would look through it, merely for politeness: it would commit her to nothing, and then she would be done with the whole matter, which she now felt to be burdensome. The book was read, and another and another; she was yet unconvinced, but the Reverend Father was unwearied in his endeavors to enlighten her, and she finally consented to receive a book of instruction. She was indeed committed.

It is thus by false assertions and such sentimental fallacies as those uttered by Father Davock, that perverts to Romanism are made. He was but one of that class whom the Apostle characterizes as those "who creep into houses and lead captive silly women, laden with sins."

(To be Continued.)

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